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# JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE; —OR— The Two Elopements.

A FARCE COMEDY IN TWO ACTS,

—BY—

J. E. GARY.

*Author of "Old Wayside Inn," "Jacob Shluff's Mistake," "United at Last," "The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge."*

34  
—O—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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# JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM THUNDERBOLT	-	-	-	-	<i>A rich banker.</i>
OLIVER SUMM	-	-	-	-	<i>A rich bachelor.</i>
REX DWELTON	-	-	-	-	<i>A poor lover.</i>
JOHANNES BLATZ	-	-	-	-	<i>A Dutchman.</i>
JOYCE THUNDERBOLT	-	-	-	-	<i>William's daughter.</i>
TABITHA THUNDERBOLT	-	-	-	-	<i>William's sister.</i>
THERESA THUNDERBOLT	-	-	-	-	<i>William's wife</i>

COSTUMES—Modern.

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING, 25 MINUTES

—X—

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

\* \* Reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing audience.

# JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE ;

—OR,—

## The Two Elopements.

### ACT I.

*Room in THUNDERBOLT'S mansion—OLIVER and WILLIAM seated at table.*

*Oliver.* (*rises*) Do you think she'll consent to be the old man's darling, William?

*William.* Demme, of course she will. My word is law, Oliver, my word is law.

*Ol.* But ye know friend Wlliam, I'm getting kind 'o shaky.

*Wm.* Demme, I tell you she'll have you, shaky or no shaky; my word is law. Demme it is!

*Ol.* Well, William, talk it over with her and, and whenever she's ready, let me know. By-by. (*shake*

*Wm.* So long, so long! (*exit, OLIVER, L.*) Mrs. Oliver Summ! Oh! demme, what a name for a banker's daughter to burden herself with. Marry him! Well, demme, she'll marry him, or she's no daughter of mine.

*Enter, THERESA, R. E.*

*Theresa.* Who's no daughter of your, Wm. Thunderbolt?

*Wm.* Well, demme, wife, take a chair, I've got something to tell you, (*she sits R. of table*) demme wife!

(*paces floor excitedly*)

*Ther.* Well William, what's the matter?

*Wm.* Eh! demme, wife, I'm in a tight fix. The standing of the bank is imperilled.

## JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE.

*Ther.* William, you act like a crazy man.

*Wm.* Demme, it's enough to make any man crazy. Speculation and one thing and another has just about strapped me, and should the depositors get wind, and draw, demme, the bank would be closed. See?

*Ther.* Oh! William, what will we do?

*Wm.* Do? Demme, I've got a plan. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Marry her to old Oliver Summ. He ain't much of a sum, but he's got quite a sum of money, and money makes the bank go. Demme, see; a rich son-in-law as cashier saves the bank.

*Ther.* What, marry him?

*Wm.* Yes, demme, the bank must be preserved.

*Ther.* By all means.

*Wm.* Where is she?

*Ther.* In the arbor.

*Wm.* Eh! demme, that's the place to tackle her. Here goes—

*Ther.* Nothing.

*Wm.* Eh! Yes, demme, come on. *(exit, both, R.)*

*Enter, HONES, L. E., raps loudly, bows himself in.*

*Hones.* Right dese vay Meeser Blatz, valk right in Kevis! Vot, any poty at home? He say I found him mit dere house in. Vell, I makes myself at home.

*(sits back of table, feet up)*

*Enter, TABITHA, R. E., very excited paces floor. HONES frightened.*

*Tabitha.* The very idea, wants to marry that runt to my Oliver. She never shall. I'll fight for him tooth and nail.

*Hon. (aside)* Auch-du leber Got-in-Himmel! Vots dot. A lunetaxasylum busted loose.

*Tab.* If I don't get Oliver, I'll never get any one.

*Hon. (aside)* By Himmel! she don't got me.

*Tab.* What's that? A tramp! help! murder! thieves!

*(exit, R., HONES jumps on table)*

*Hon.* Hos-du kerzain der son-of-a-gon. Dot beats dere deifel. I bate I been a lunetax asylum in, sure.

JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE.

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*Enter, WILLIAM, L. E., paces floor very excitedly.*

Wm. Ha! ha! ha! ha! defies me does she? Oh! demme, we'll see.

Hon. (*aside*) Anonter von. I bate I been a dote ditcher next.

Wm. Eh! what's that you say? Demme, come down off that table! What do you want here?

Hon. By Himmel I vas scared. Meester vots your name?

Wm. Demme, you impudent dutch—dutch—dutchman. My name is Wm. Thunderbolt. Demme, what do you want?

Hon. William Dunderblixdemmitvotyouvant. Ho! vot a name. My name is Hones Blatz.

Wm. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Well, Mr. Blatz, what do you want?

Hon. Dot fellow by dere bank down vants me to haf you gom down dere all by vonce, right avay quick.

Wm. All right! all right! demme.

Hon. Hones—Hones, my name vas Hones.

(WILLIAM takes his hat from table)

Wm. Well, Hones, demme.

Hon. No! Hones Blatz.

Wm. Come on we'll go right down. (*exit, both, L.*)

*Enter, JOY and REX, R. E.*

Res. Oh! Joy, ours is the most miserable lot on earth. What can I do? I cannot see you marry that old brute.

Joy. I'll not marry him.

Res. Oh! how will this end?

Joy. Heed not the end, Rex. Let us live—live in the eternal present.

Res. That we could. There is nothing left for us to do but to despair. Your father is rich, Joy, and I—I—

Joy. Your heart is worth millions.

Res. Not on exchange.

Joy. Your honor and genius—you know you write poetry, Rex.

Res. Honor and genius won't stop a money panic you know.

Joy. Then-what-can-we-do?

Res. We must part.

*Joy.* No! no! no! not for the world.

*Rex.* But your father!

*Joy.* He cannot be so cruel. Oh! Rex, think how lovely you pleaded for my hand. I command you to think.

*(stamps foot)*

*Rex.* I'm thinking.

*Joy.* If your eloquent words moved my young heart to love, why should they not move my father's heart as well?

*Rex.* I fear they would only move his number nines.

*Joy.* I will not think so. Go! go to my father; go in your pride, your manhood; go full of confidence and plead, your cause and mine. Go! I command you to go!

*Rex.* Joyce, he will kill me.

*Joy.* He will listen to you. He will never break my heart. He will embrace you—

*Rex.* With a bootjack.

*Joy.* He will fall on your neck—

*Rex.* Yes, I believe you.

*Joy.* And he will call you—

*Rex.* Villain, scoundrel, upstart.

*Joy.* No! no! no! he will call you son-in-law—he will admire your courage. Oh! here he comes now, Rex, speak to my father. God bless you.

*(exit, JOY, R. REX holds out arms towards her)*

*Rex.* Oh! I'll be a dead man. Farewell my darling, we will never meet again, not on this earth.

*(goes back to table)*

*Enter, WILLIAM, L. E., paces floor very excitedly.*

*Wm.* The deemed scoundrel!

*Rex.* Sir!

*(frightened)*

*(WILLIAM never looks up but paces)*

*Wm.* It's useless to sir me, sir! Demme, I don't go a cent on orphans or soldiers, without a war record. Let the infernal church build itself. Competing railroads be dashed. I'm busy, I tell you, I don't want any tickets. Demme, I won't listen to you any more. Go to the devil, sir! *(looks up)* Ah! demme, best of clerks, what can I do for you.

*Rex.* You—you are too kind, sir! I desire to see you on a matter that concerns my—

*Wm.* You wish a raise in salary? I'm sorry I can not



allow it. You're a good clerk and all that, but I can't think of raising you just yet. Another clerk asked me for another ante—I mean raise, but I gave him the same answer.

*Rex.* You are mistaken, sir! I came to see you on quite a different matter. To ask—

*Wm.* A vacation? Well, I am inclined to grant that. I think it would do you good; you look pale.

*Rex.* You misunderstand me still. I came to lay before you, for your consideration, the story of a love I have—a love that possesses me, body and soul. You—

*Wm.* Umph! (*calmy*) That's very comprehensive and very serious, Mr. Dwelton. My daughter, as you know, is shortly to be married to Oliver Summ. I've told her several times that love is a very comprehensive and serious thing, but she don't believe me.

*Rex.* I feel that my love is a—a very serious thing and would like to have you hear me and give me your advice.

*Wm.* You shall have it. You love—

*Rex.* The daughter of a man as rich as Jay Gould.

*Wm.* A plus sign for you, but a minus for him.

*Rex.* Exactly, sir! and there's the difficulty; he designs a wealthy man for her husband.

*Wm.* You have a chance for an investment yielding one hundred per cent. Take it.

*Rex.* Then you advise me to—

*Wm.* To do as I did.

*Rex.* As you did?

*Wm.* Have I never told you how I laid the foundation for my present greatness, if I may use the term. Thirty-five years ago, demme, I was handsome and young, but poor. I, like you, loved a wealthy man's daughter. I told him so. He threatened to foward my name to the lunacy commissioners, and in this dilemma I decided to strategy.

*Rex.* Strategy!

*Wm.* Strategy pure and simple. It was my last resource and I grasped it. I consulted with my lady love and she approved of my plan. She packed her trunk and lowered it out of the window at night. I addressed a note to her father, calling him a cruel beast, etc., etc., bidding him farewell, and so on. We both signed it and tied it to the door bell and—

*Rex.* Good heavens!

*Wm.* We were married; my wife sent her father a post-nuptial note of regret, which was read by a weeping mother to a blaspheming father. He relented in four day, and gave me half of his fortune alone with his blessing. He died. Before he died he blessed me again; he blessed me a third time in his will, and as damning is forbidden in the next world, I have every reason to believe that he is blessing me still. That, my boy, was strategy. Strategy keeps worlds together. What's a bank without strategy? Merely a poker room for deputy sheriffs. Think of it. Strategy gave me a wife, a bank, a daughter and a prospective son-in-law, old rheumatic, and worth a cool million.

*Rex.* Wonderful!

*Wm.* Now Rex, you are to do as I did. Elope. That's the word, demme, e-l-o-p-e. Brief, pungent, solid, anglo-saxon, elope.

*Rex.* Mr. Thunderbolt, you do not know; you must let me explain. Indeed, you must; this is horrible.

*Wm.* Demme, nothing is horrible. I won't hear a word from you. You must do as I direct you to. Fools are large, wise men. Don't be sensible; be a fool. Promise me you will be a fool and I will help you. Demme, you've got to promise.

*Rex.* I—I—I promise.

*Wm.* (*sets at table and writes*) Here is a check for \$100, it will see you through. I propose to be generous this time, and here is a note to leave on your father-in-law's table. You may be absent two weeks, meantime I don't see for the life of me how I'm going to sleep. Go! Say no more. Go!

*Rex.* Am I to understand, Mr. Thunderbolt, that you counsel me to take this step under any and all circumstances?

*Wm.* Under any and all circumstances. I took it myself and I never regretted it. Now, demme, go!

*Rex.* Good-bye.

(*exit, L.*)

*Enter, TABITHA, R. E.*

*Tabitha.* William!

*Wm.* Eh! demme, what will you have sister-mine?

*Tab.* I want to give you an undivided piece of my most

highly intellectual mind. You know the height of my ambition has been and is, to become the wife of Oliver Summ, and here you're trying to marry him to that chit of a daughter of yours, who is not old enough to know her own mind yet. Pretty man you're getting to be, brother mine. Ruin your daughter's life and blight your sister's hopes. For shame, you cold-blooded reprobate.

*(exit, R., with flourish)*

Wm. *(stands aghast)* Whew! *(strikes table with fist)*  
Sister mine, you are a Thunderbolt to perfection. Demme, go! I know my business. *(paces excitedly)*

*Enter, OLIVER, L. E.*

Ol. William, I've a bit of—of news to communicate to you.

Wm. Demme, take a chair Oliver, and fire away.

*(they sit)*

Ol. As I was coming through the grove I heard some one talking; one voice I recognized to be that of your daughter, the other a stranger; I listened to some very fine plans to elope to-night.

Wm. *(springing up)* Elope? Demme, my daughter elope? Ha! ha! ha! We'll see to that; demme, I think a little strategy would do here. Ha! St-r-a-t-e-g-y. *(spells)*  
Tell me about it. *(sits)*

Ol. Well, William, they plan to elope some time to-night, I didn't get to hear the time, but they are going to elope.

*Enter, HONES, L. E.*

Hon. Zay Meester Dumberblix here vos a delegrams.

*(WILLIAM reads it)*

Wm. Demmit, I'm called to the city immediately, and won't be home until morning, but I'll see to this elopement just the same. Mr. Blatz!

Hon. I'm here.

Wm. Well sir! I see you are. But would you like to work for me?

Hon. I vant to by you vork?

Wm. Yes, demmie, them's not exactly my words, but I've got a job on hand to-night. My daughter has planned

to elope and you are to watch for them, and if you catch them in the act just lock them up until I return. Do you understand the racket?

*Hon.* Yah, I forstay, unt I bet ven I make some rackets ; but vere I vos shut dose elopements ven I ketch her in dose act.

*Wm.* Well you may lock them both in that room off there. (D. F.) Now I must go so as to catch the down train. Oliver, you may go and visit your prospective mother-in-law if you wish, for demme, my daughter shall marry you. (*exit, L.*)

*Ol.* Now, Mr. Blatz, don't be too rough on the young folks ; just shut them up gently like, and don't cause any one any pain, for pain is very disagreeable, yow know.

*Hon.* Ish dot so?

*Enter, TABITHA, R. E.*

*Ol. (aside)* Ah ! my dear Tabitha. I wonder how she feels about my intended marriage. I had different aspirations once.

*Tab. (aside)* Oh ! be still you poor little fluttering heart, don't make too much noise, for there is thy seducer, and if he should hear thy turbulent thumping, he would die with shame. Ahem !

*Ol.* Ahem !

*Hon.* Ahem !

*Ol.* Ah ! there, my dear Miss Tabitha.

*Hon.* Stay dere mine tear Mees, Mees, Tabacca.

*Tab.* Sir ! You insolent dutchman, how dare you speak to a lady in such a manner. Mr. Summ, will you allow that insult to go unpunished ?

*Ol.* Really, Miss Tabitha, I can not. Mr. Blatz, you did wrong ; now don't you ever do it again.

*(shakes cane in his face)*

*Hon.* Vot ? Zay, better ven you don't make some foolishness mit me. (*HONES pulls coat*) By Himmel, I vos a zon-of-a-gun fun deitchland, unt you bet your life I don't ben afraid fun any yankee cowyard man.

*Ol.* Well we won't scrap in the presence of ladies, so let it drop. Miss Tabitha, let us take a stroll in the garden.

*Tab.* Oh ! very well. *(they lock arms and exit. R.)*

*Hon.* Ho! ho! dot looks pooty much like some elopements, guess ven I better look a little out for dot business.  
(*exit, R.*)

*Enter, JOYCE, R. E.*

*Joy.* Oh! papa was called away to the city and left that dutchman to watch us. It was lucky that I came home when I did so as to overhear Mr. Oliver's message. Oh! how romantic. It is now nearly nine, and the time is set for twelve, three whole hours, how can I wait. Tabitha has Oliver out in the garden and the dutchman is watching them. She will keep him out there all night if she can.

*Enter, HONES, R. E.*

*Hon.* By dunter, I lost track.

*Joy.* Oh!

*Hon.* Don't got scared Mees, I don't hurt no female. I vos looking for some elopements.

*Joy.* Oh! I'm not scared. Would you like me to fetch you some wine. If you are to watch, you ought to have something.

*Hon.* Vell, I don't vos padickular.

*Joy.* Very well. (*exit, R.*)

*Hon.* Mapy she looks like some elopement, I don't know. I bate you I have me some fun by dose business.

*Enter, JOYCE, R. E., with wine.*

*Joy.* Here is some of father's best wine. You may have it if you will never tell.

*Hon.* I nefer zays von vort about it. So hellup me Schimminy Gristmas.

*Joy.* Then drink. (*HONES drinks*)

*Hon.* Dot vos pooty good.

*Joy.* Now I will turn down the light and you may keep your watch. Good-night. (*exit, R.*)

*Hon.* Vell dot vos von pooty nice gal, I bate you, unt maby she don't vos some elopements. (*sits by table*) I vill vate me a'vile for dose elopements now.

(*soon falls asleep, snores, etc., after a short pause*)

*Enter, JOYCE, R. E.*

*Joy.* Ah! he sleeps; I knew the drug would give him a quietus. The time is nearly here—half past eleven—only half an hour more. Ah! papa mine, we are too smart. S-t-r-a-t-e-g-y, indeed. I guess it runs in the family. (*crosses to L., and looks out*) How is this to end. Oliver and Tabitha may come in any moment and all may be spoiled. Ah! here he comes.

*Rex.* (*off L.*) Is all well?

*Joy.* All is well, just a moment.

*Crosses R., and exits, returns with two large grips, leaves card on table, exit, L.*

*Hon.* (*after a pause*) Eh! vot's dere matter now. I guess maby I been shleepin', unt dose elopements vos gone. (*noise off R.*) Vots dot? I bate my life dere comes some elopements.

*Enter, OLIVER and TABITHA, R. E., arm in arm.*

Ah! here she vos, now for dot act. (*they are talking and do not observe HONES—he graps OLIVER around waist*) Now I bate you I got dose elopements. (*TABITHA faints*)

*Ol.* Mr. Blatz, what does this mean?

*Hon.* You vos dose elopements, unt I caught you by dose act.

*Ol.* Let me explain.

*Hon.* Nix comerouse. (*they scuffle and HONES puts OLIVER in D. L.*) Now I dank I take dot oder von.

(*carries TABITHA in D. L.*)

*Tab.* (*within D. L., pounds on door*) Help! help! murder! I'm shut up in this dark room all alone with a horrid man.

*Ol.* It's all that dutchman's fault, Tabitha.

*Hon.* Dose vos a pooty live elopements.

*Tab.* (*within D. L.*) Oh! you wretch! help! brother help! help!

*Enter, WILLIAM, L. E.*

*Wm.* What in the devil is a'll this racket about?

*Hon.* I got dose elopements shut mit dose room in.

(*WILLIAM goes to D. L. and lets them out*)

Wm. What? Siss and Oliver! How is this?

(*exit, R.*)

Tab. How can I ever look another mortal man in the face again? To think that I, Tabitha Thunderbolt, should be locked up in a dark room all alone with a man, and we not married either.

Ol. Tabitha, it was not my fault.

Tab. Oh, you wretch! This disgrace must be removed, or I will have you arrested.

*Enter, WILLIAM, R. E.*

Wm. Demme! you have shut up the wrong couple and my daughter has flown. Oh! what's this? The demmed scoundrel! the card I wrote myself. Strategy be demmed!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

---

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as Act I.—WILLIAM seated R. of table,  
THERESA, L.

Wm. And to think of it, Theresa, the demmed scoundrel!

Ther. Oh! William.

Wm. I repeat it, madam! The demmed scoundrel actually left this note, which I wrote myself.

Ther. It was terrible, William.

Wm. And now the impudent rascal writes that, to say, that he and Joy are very happy, but would like to be happier; and—and dash him, he begins to remind me that the four day's limit of acceptance are up.

Ther. And Mr. Summ?

Wm. Mr. Summ be busted! We've lost a cool million.

Ther. What can we do about it?

Wm. Theresa!

Ther. Yes, William.

Wm. We're facing a crisis.

Ther. Yes, dear.

Wm. A little strategy is needed.

*Ther.* Cannot we get along without strategy, William?

*Wm.* I'm afraid not. The standing of the bank is imperilled.

*Ther.* Goodness sakes!

*Wm.* The bank must be saved!

*Ther.* By all means.

*Wm.* I'm dissatisfied with my cashier, Theressa; he was late two times last year. I must discharge him.

*Ther.* Of course, William.

*Wm.* A strategic move would be to put this demmed scoundrel in his place.

*Ther.* I suppose it is necessary, my dear.

*Wm.* And I don't suppose it is too late to hire the society papers to publish an account of the nuptials, privately celebrated, of—dem 'em both!

*Ther.* That would be wise, my dear.

*Wm.* I have every reason to suppose, madam, that by this strategy, I will be able to preserve the integrity of the bank, which is, of course, my sole object.

*Ther.* How fortunate.

*Wm.* Yes, how fortunate, and again how demmed unfortunate. We've lost a half million.

*Enter, JOYCE and REX, L. E., and TABITHA and OLIVER, R. E., HONES, L. E., comes to front.*

*Joy.* Dear papa!

*Rex.* Mr. Thunderbolt!

*Ol.* Dear William!

*Tab.* Brother!

*Hon.* Meester Dunderblix!

*Wm.* (*springs up R.*) Demme! has bedlam turned loose? Oh h-h! you demmed scoundrel! (*grabs REX by hand*) Accept my blessing and congratulations.

*Ol.* Well William, I have decided, that the only way to fix up this trouble between Tabitha and myself, would be marriage, so we went to the Squire and had it done in a hurry.

*Tab.* Yes, and by strategy, we are united.

*Hon.* I dank I got sometings coming on dot elopement business.

*Wm.* Ha! ha! demme, it is all a good joke, and you all have my blessing.

(*HONES comes c. front*)



## JOHANES BLATZ'S MISTAKE.

*Hon.* Vell, I don't vant hese blessing, but if dere vos any man in dese house vot vounts a goot man to ketch elopements, yust cum by me; I helups you out efry time. Unt if any body got a bank vot vos liable to got busted, use--

*Omnes.* Strategy.

TABITHA. OLIVER. WILLIAM. THERESA. REX. JOYCE.

R.

HONES.

L.

*CURTAIN.*

THE END.

# THE HAUNTED MILL;

—OR—

## Con O'Ragen's Secret.

---

An Irish drama in 3 acts by Bernard F. Moore, for 5 male and 4 female characters. Costumes to suit characters. Time of performance 1 hour and 45 minutes.

### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

#### ACT I.—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley.

*Scene I.*—"The last Rose of Summer." Con and Maureen. The secret. A love scene interrupted by Norah O'Kelley. The letter, and appointment to meet at the ruined Chapel. Murty Tobin, an eavesdropper. Murty delivers Squire Corrigan's message. How Norah received it. Maureen and Murty. Arrival of Con in time to prevent Murty from kissing his sweetheart. Maureen faints and Con takes advantage and steals a kiss.

*Scene II.*—Murty informs his master of the meeting at the Chapel. They arrange to kill Frank and abduct Norah. Con's opinion of Murty and his master. Bob Jackson, the detective and Con decides to search the old mill. Maureen and Murty. The quarrel. The attempt to abduct Maureen, Con to the rescue.

*Scene III.*—The Chapel at midnight. The Squire and Murty, unseen witnesses of the meeting of Frank and Norah. Attempted murder and the abduction of Norah. Con and Bob discover Frank, "Heaven help Norah, for she is in the hands of her enemies."

#### ACT II.—Same as Act I.

*Scene I.*—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley. Arrival of Con. Maureen and Con, the mystery of the old mill. Squire Corrigan and Mrs. O'Kelley. The demand for Norah's hand in marriage and refusal. The mortgage. "God help me, I consent"

*Scene II.*—Squire Corrigan and Murty. The lost letter. Con and Frank, "We'll visit the old mill to-night."

*Scene III.*—Haunted mill. Mrs. Corrigan, a prisoner in the mill. Squire Corrigan and Murty visit the prisoner, another dose of poison. A trap door. Squire Corrigan throws Murty down through the trap door. "Curse him, he is out of my way." Interview between Squire Corrigan and Norah, who he has locked into the haunted mill. Norah's consent to be the Squire's wife, to save her mother. The raid on the haunted mill. Murty discovered and released, he reveals the secrets of the mill. Meeting of Mrs. Corrigan and her brother.

#### ACT III.—Same as Act I.

*Scene I.*—Return of Norah. Mother and daughter meet. Frank and Norah, despair of Frank, on hearing of Norah's intended marriage with the Squire. "Oh! God, my life is wrecked forever."

*Scene II.*—Murty turns State witness. The mortgage illegal. Frank Dalton. Con's little scheme. Maureen and Con, the secret revealed. Squire Corrigan and the Priest.

*Scene III.*—Norah and her mother. "The hour approaches." Arrival of the Squire and Priest. The marriage interrupted. Mrs. Corrigan and Murty, unbidden guests. The disguised Priest. "The game is up, I've lost all." A double wedding, complete the happiness of Frank and Norah, Con and Maureen.

Price 15c.

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## Cleveland's Reception Party.

A Farce in 1 act by George W. Williams, for 5 male and 3 female characters. A funny little piece which will please wherever presented. Costumes to suit characters. Time of performance 30 minutes.

Price 15c.

# Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F
<b>Comedies Continued.</b>							
237	Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3	149	How He Popped the Quest'n	1	1
126	Our Daughters	8	6	74	How to Tame Man-in-Law	4	2
265	Pug and the Baby	5	3	35	How Stout Your Getting	5	2
114	Passions	8	4	247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
264	Prof. James' Experience			45	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
	Teaching Country School	4	3	305	Jacob Shiloff's Mistake	1	2
219	Rags and Bottles	4	1	39	Jimmie Jones	1	2
239	Seals with Sharps and Flats	4	2	11	John Smith	5	3
221	Solon Shingle	11	2	99	Jumbo Jim	4	3
262	Two Bad Boys	7	3	82	Killing Time	1	1
87	The Biter Bit	3	2	182	Kittie's Wedding Cake	1	1
131	The Cigarette	1	2	125	Luck Skillet Wedding	2	2
240	\$2,000 Reward	2	0	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	1
<b>TRAGEDIES.</b>							
16	The Serf	6	1	92	Locked in a Dressmaker's Room	1	2
<b>FARCES &amp; COMEDIETTAS.</b>							
129	Aar-u-ug-oo	2	1	196	Lodgings for Two	1	0
132	Actor and Servant	1	1	288	Love-mouth Corsets	1	1
289	A Colonel's Mashap	1	0	149	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
12	A Capital Match	2	2	34	Match on a Other Man Law	1	2
303	A Kiss in the Dark	2	1	27	More Blunders than one	4	3
166	A Texan Mother-in-Law	1	1	39	Mother's Fool	6	1
30	A Day Well Spent	7	1	25	My Heart's in H. H. H. H.	4	3
169	A Regular Fix	2	1	298	My Precious Betsey	4	4
296	A Professional Gardener	4	2	212	My Fair Nephew	4	3
80	Alarmingly Suspicious	1	1	32	My Wife's Relations	4	4
79	An Awful Criminal	3	3	186	My Day and Now a Days	0	1
31	A Pet of the Public	4	2	273	My Neighbor's Wife	3	3
21	A Romantic Attachment	3	3	91	Napoleon's Last Year Venture	5	2
124	A Thrilling Item	3	1	279	Nobody's Make	2	2
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2	44	Obedience	1	2
175	Betsey Baker	2	2	31	On the Sly	3	2
8	Better Half	5	2	57	Polly Miles Boy	5	2
86	Black vs. White	1	2	217	Power Washing Machine	4	1
22	Captain Smith			107	Persevered But I'm a Fool	6	2
84	Cheek Will Win		0	197	Poor Polio	2	3
287	Cousin Josiah	1	1	179	Quiet Family	4	4
225	Cupids Capers	4	4	171	Rough Diamond	4	
219	Double Election	2	1	180	Ruptures		0
49	Der Two Surprises	1	1	287	Romantic	2	0
72	Dence is in Him	5	1	48	Scholarship	1	1
19	Did Dream it	4	3	18	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
42	Domestic Felicity	1	1	11	S. H. A. M. P. before	3	3
188	Dutch Prize Fighter	3	0	5	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
229	Dutchy vs. Nigger	1	0	22	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
148	Eh? What Did You Say	5	1	34	Struck by Lightning	2	2
218	Everybody Astonished	4	0	270	Shed and Skinner	5	0
224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	1	Slasher and Crasher	5	2
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1	137	Taking the Census	1	1
154	Fun in a Post Office	4	2	232	That Awful Carpet Bag	3	3
184	Family Discipline	1	1	40	That Mysterious B'dle	2	2
274	Family Jars	1	1	8	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	7	3	101	The Coming Man	3	1
13	Give Me My Wife	1	3	107	Turn Him Out	3	2
307	Ha'labahoola, the Medicine Man	4	1	29	The Actor's Scheme	4	4
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	308	The Irish Square of Squash Ridge	4	2
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	5	0	28	The Mashers Mashed	5	2
116	Hash	4	4	68	The Sham Prof	4	0
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1	295	The Spellin' Skewl	7	6
50	How She has Own Way	1	3	74	The Two T. J.'s	4	2
				28	Thirty three Next Birthday	4	2
				292	Tim Flannigan	5	0
				142	Tit for Tat	2	1
				276	The Printer and His Devils	3	1



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# Ames' Plays---

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